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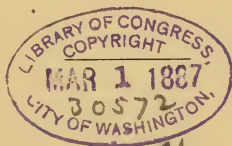
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MORNING GLORIES

MORNING GLORIES

A VOLUME OF FUGITIVE VERSE

*Made up of every creature's best.
Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged*



BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHARLES N. ANDREWS

1887

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Copyright, 1886.

PRESS OF C. N. ANDREWS.

TO
JAMES J. O'CONNELL,
WHOSE TRUE FRIENDSHIP HAS EVER BEEN
A SOURCE OF GRATIFICATION TO ME,
THIS VOLUME
IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

THE preface is an essential feature of all books of any pretension, but the preface that is chiefly devoted to offering excuses for the real or imaginary imperfections in the body of the book is one not calculated to win confidence, nor has it any weight with him who otherwise might have been an indulgent reader. It is not my intention to make the preface of this little volume the vehicle of any such useless apologies.

MORNING GLORIES is simply the outcome of a long cherished idea of mine to preserve, in convenient form, selections from the works of the authors represented in its pages, and to gratify my ambition for book publishing. Some years ago I published a little paper pamphlet of a similar nature, and its reception was such that I have been encouraged to collect this bunch of MORNING GLORIES.

The verses selected have been previously published in the amateur press of this country, and as their authors are in most cases well

known to those among whom the book will circulate, any introduction is unnecessary.

The entire work of production was done at night after the cessation of business duties, partly as a pleasing pastime and also for the reasons already given.

Should this little volume of early morning blossoms merit its readers approbation, I shall feel that my efforts have not been wholly unsuccessful.

CHARLES N. ANDREWS.

Brooklyn, January, 1887.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

FAR in the ocean of the night
There lieth an enchanted Isle,
Within a veil of mellow light,
That blesseth like affection's smile.

It tingeth with a rosy hue
All objects in that country fair,
Like summer twilight when the dew
Is trembling in the fragrant air.

And there is music evermore,
That seemeth sleeping on the breeze,
Like sounds of sweet bells from the shore
Lingering along the summer seas.

And there are rivers, bowers and groves,
And fountains fringed with blossomed weeds,
And all sweet birds that sing their loves
'Mid stately flowers or tasseled reeds.

All that is beautiful of earth,
All that is valued, all that's dear,
All that is pure of mortal birth,
Lives in immortal beauty here.

All tender buds that ever grew
For us on hopes ephemeral tree,
All loves, all joys that e'er we knew,
Bloom in that country gloriously.

There is no parting there, no change,
No death, no fading, no decay;
No hand is cold, no voice is strange,
No eye is dark — or turned away.

To us, who daily toil and weep,
How welcome is night's starry smile,
When in the fairy barge of sleep
We visit the Enchanted Isle.

All holy hearts that worship truth,
Though dark their daily pathway seems,
Find Treasure and immortal youth
In that fair isle of happy dreams.

But, if the soul have dwelt with sin,
It landeth on that isle no more,
Though it would give its life to win
One glimpse but of the pleasant shore.

There joys, which have been thrown away,
Or stained with guilt, can bloom no more,
And o'er the night their vessels stray
Where pale shades weep, and surges roar.

FALLEN.

NO one knew him, no one cared,
How he suffered, how he fared
In the strife;
In the struggle to excel,
How he faltered, how he fell,
A ruined life.

He had genius, he had skill,
He had courage and a will;
He was young.
But they pushed him from the rank,
And his life remains a blank,
All unsung.

Now he lieth wrecked and shattered,
All his hopes and fortunes scattered
From the light.
O, his life was done too soon,
His bright sun gone down at noon,
Into night.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

EVENING breezes, gently blowing
Through the rustling leaves above,
Seeming as they pass, to whisper
Naught but innocence and love.

Making music, low, pathetic,
Waking echoes in the heart,
Bringing thoughts and recollections,
Which a sad'ning charm impart.

Silver cascades, bright and glist'ning
In the sunset's roseate glow,
Falling over precipices
On the rocks which lie below.

Make a music, sweetly gentle,
Which the pen of nature wrote,
Breathing love in every accent,
Whispering love in every note.

BETWEEN THE PAGES.

A pleasure perished lives in thought again. — SHURTLEFF.

AH, precious bud, what memories
Entrance my heart at sight of thee.
Bright, sun-lit scenes, fair images,
And hours of deep felicity,
Return to cheer this hour of gloom,
As thy sweet perfume fills the air;
Recalling joy, when in thy bloom
My love had worn thee in her hair.

I see thee now, as thou wert then,
Thy blushing petals half unclosed;
Reluctant to be seen of men,
As they on raven tress reposed.
And in thy heart a dewy gem,
By sunbeams kissed, resplendent, pure,
Fit jewel for Love's diadem,
The ardent youthful heart to lure.

Crushed art thou now, and like the heart
That murmurs 'neath a weight of care,
But in thy leaves thou hast an art
By which thou makest all things fair.

O'er thee for hours I sit and dream,
Forgetting self, the world and pain,
In happy thought, until I seem
To live the old love o'er again.

Oh, precious bud, with mem'ries laden,
Dim phantoms of the long ago;
Oh, wayward youth and trusting maiden
Who mourn the death of Love's bright glow.
Through weary days I dream forever,
And nurse the grief that time would kill,
For Memory forsakes me never,
And by-gone days are near me still.

UNSATISFIED.

THE silent shadows of approaching night
Grow dense and darker round my star-
less way,

While all the deeds of this departing day
Rise to my mind like phantoms cold and white;
Some haunting deed I have not done aright,—
Some work neglected for a moment's play;
Or cruel words my lips were led to say
Will not be gone but still their wrongs recite.

The day is gone, — I cannot live it o'er;
Lost moments come not back, — in vain I call
To friend and foe to trust me as before,*
But on deaf ears my tearful pleadings fall.
Yet let me hope! to-morrow holds in store
The time and power whereby I gain them all.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

I dreamt I wandered in a lonely wood,
Where, as I moved along my devious way
'Mong groves of sombre cypresses, thro' which
Day's golden king nor night's pale queen
could stray,

I came upon a cavern at whose mouth
A figure, draped in sable mantle, stood;
Grief's dew was on her eyelids, and she seemed
Sad as a young bride in her widowhood.

And whilst I gazed in pity and in fear,
In either hand a needle I beheld,
With which a garment her deft fingers wove,
As though by some strange destiny impell'd.
"Tell me," I asked, "the burden of thy task?"
"This is thy shroud," she answered, "at each
sin

One stitch I take, and at each noble deed
Over again my labor I begin."

TO-DAY.

DREAM not of a fair to-morrow,
Mourn not for the past;
Let all the highest aims of life
Within to-day be cast.

Will clouds that heavy o'er thee hang
Vanish with thy sighing?
Will falling tear-drops serve to keep
A golden hour from flying?

Earnest thought and earnest action
Never spring from dreaming;
The brightest moment of thy life
Is now upon thee beaming.

Gather the sunshine of to-day,
'Twill brighten future hours;
And make the journey here below
A pathway sweet with flowers.

THE TWIN MISERS.

THE miser, Night, hath stolen all the gold
That lay heaped up within the distant
West,

And to his heart the yellow wealth hath prest,
And then o'er earth his sable robe unrolled.
The miser, Death, hath stolen joys untold
That I held cherished in my throbbing breast,
And left to me but care and drear unrest
Where had been feelings of a different mold.

The Night and Death are misers — twins are
they ;

The one steals gold from out the dying day,
The other, gold from out my throbbing heart !
The precious gold which I had treasured up,
As water in the ship-wrecked sailor's cup,
And fondly prayed it never would depart.

MOTHER.

NO other name sounds half so sweet to me
As this beloved old Anglo-Saxon word,
Whose simple mention stirs some silent chord
Within my heart, and brings me back to thee;
Methinks thy dear and radiant face I see
When I, a babe, my fledgling fancy soared
Within a little world where light was poured
From out thy eyes so full of sanctity.

When prattling babyhood had passed away,
Thy tender care led my untutored steps
Through narrow ways till manhood looms apace,
And then my buoyant bark in unknown depths
Sets out alone, while thou thy steps retrace
Back unto Him who lives in endless day.

UNREST.

I STROLLED at night beside a placid stream,
Unuttered woes harassed my tortured
breast,—

In vain, ah me, in vain I sought for rest —
Helpless I wandered 'neath the cold moon's
beam.

The twinkling stars' inconstant, flickering gleam
A fitting light seemed to my soul's unrest.

"Alas, alas," my coward heart confest,
"Conspired against me all earth's creatures
seem ;

Where shall I seek for rest, where look for aid?"
An angel saw I all in light arrayed,
And struggling forward through my troubles
rife,

These words were wafted as he upward trod:
"Seek rest upon the bosom of thy God."

AFTER DEATH.

'T WAS in that other land across
The seas of death, they met again;
Their features wore a sign of loss,
And gleams of unextinguished pain.

"And do we meet again?" he said,
In this strange spirit-peopled space,—
This long imagined land of shade —
Still with thy eastern pride of face."

"Alas, I suffered much," she said,
"I loved, but could not speak for fear;
I did not dream that thou wert dead.
Good-by! I cannot linger here."

He saw her pass, and wild and rife
Ran olden memories in his heart;—
The pride that severed them in life,
Still kept them in that place apart!

FROST FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers of the springtime,
With your promise of hearty cheer;
Earliest bud of the prairie clime,
Brightest gem of the long glad year.

Like autumn frost o'er the prairie wide,
Are these flowers with their petals of snow,
Crowning the earth as she were a bride,
Blossoming first, then beginning to grow.

The winter's drifts are lifted away
By fairy fingers so pearly and white,
And the frozen rime of yesterday
An hour has changed to a carpet of light.

If our lives be ever so pure and true
As this flower with its petals white,
Our souls may bloom with the chosen few
In a glorious land of Light!

DOWN BY THE SEA.

I STOOD upon the sands; before me rolled
the sea;
And at my spell-bound feet with sullen, stifled
roar,
The breakers mocked — and reaching toward
me with vain cries,
Spent their ne'er ceasing rage upon the wind-
swept shore.
The curling foam wreathed up in endless
monotone,
And surging waves, tossed into spray below
my feet,
Swept o'er my being chilled a thousand
memories
Of faces, glances, voices — mem'ries bitter-
sweet;
Alone I stood, all desolate and drear; and then,
Across the rolling wastes of green, and gray,
and blue,
Streamed the white light that led unto thy love,
Showing the inner temple, holy, strong, and
true.

Then the dark waters wild surged o'er the
 shining path,
That for one instant showed me lowly kneeling
 there ;
The dreariness of moaning space slow rolled
 between,
And cast me from the sacred portal, faint with
 care.
What lay between? words useless are, and idly
 vain :—
No key-fast door had swung upon my troubled
 soul,—
Dim as reflections cast by grasses in a pool
Hovered the shadows vague that formed the
 clouded whole.
Nor lock, nor bolt, nor bar, did shut me from
 thy love :
And yet, no more, dear heart, I worthy felt
 of thee ;
New follies filled with restlessness, new lips
 gave joy :
And waves of newer pleasures cast their spray
 o'er me.
What lay between? take in thy hollowed palms
 fine sand :
Let it sift through, nor keenly note each noise-
 less fall

Until all's done; then view the high, well-
moulded mound;—
Count so the smiles, the tears, the thrilling
touches — all.
The reason of tried love, affection of true faith,
Washed by the nearer billows — sudden lost
its art;—
As o'er the wondrous waste of dreamy flood
and sky
Swept fresher visions to my wildly-throbbing
heart.
Breathing upon my lips, they left sweet passion-
dew,
That moistened my bewildered tongue to lavish
praise:
Soft, shining eyes put sudden light within my
own. —
The breathless moments seemed as summer-
lengthened days.
Striving to break the spell that filled with
rapt'rous fear,
I moved aback and wrote upon the yielding
sands;
The greedy breakers ran along the damp grey
beach,
And snatched your name, dear love, from 'neath
my trembling hands.

Your name; I raised my eyes, and in the azure
space
That cut the moaning waters from the leaden
sky,
Beheld a snowy sail. * * * * *
Your message dear of faith,
Swift parted the drear mists within; clouds
rolled me by
And vanished into naught: familiar things
returned;
The living, fervent love, responding to thine
own,
Leapt into grander flower than hope had dared
to dream, —
No more, no more, dear heart, all desolate and
lone.

Thou art unyielding granite — as the clinging
moss
Dare I in hope to grace thy strength: and
thou my Sea —
Bear me thy snowy sail, hide me thy treasured
pearl,
Clasp me thy border-flow'r from the encircling
lea.
O thou, my highest, sweetest life! hold me as
dear

As mortal lips hold kisses given unto Death.
Take me unto thy being, thy blest spirit bride;
Make me the subtle essence of thy very breath.
No more, no more, dear love, the dreary waters
surge between:

Forevermore kneel I within the holy shrine,
Love's incense mingles there, with sacred truth's
perfume —

And supreme faith and love is ever thine and
mine.

THE GIVER AND THE GIFT.

O FLOWERS, so perfect in your bloom
Your rainbow tints, your sweet perfume,
Your queenly grace, your modest mien,
And all the beauties in you seen,
In vain exert their utmost power
To hold my fancy one short hour.
From all your charms my thoughts do drift
Unto the giver of the gift.

Fair flowers! a little while ye stood,
Type of her budding womanhood.
No violet beneath the skies
Casts to the ground more modest eyes;
Her tints excel thine own, O rose,
For her faint color comes and goes,
And all the hues which earth can flush
Fade into pallor at her blush.

SORROW.

THRICE welcome, Sorrow, though thy hand
be hard,

'Tis but the grip of friendship, and I see
In thy stern eye's cold light the chastity
That marks a soul from pleasure self-debarred.
Men tell me that thy comrade-ship has marred
The lives of countless beings, but to me
There seems a higher destiny for thee
Than that so often sung by mournful bard.

For in the pain and anguish, in the smart
Of injury, in the helpless sense of wrong
There lies a chastening power, which doth make
Us more of men, if there is in the heart
Aught of true manliness, and we grow strong
And live, and work and learn for Sorrow's sake.

A MOMENT.

WHEN summer days were long, a year ago,
We paused midway upon this wooded
height,
And saw the mountains leap in waves of light
Above the valley, rapt in calm below;
The curving river, like a silver bow,
Lay moveless on the meadows; evermore
Beyond the hills we saw the blue sky soar,
And lost ourselves amid its deepening glow —
A year ago the happy moment fled,
And now the summer days are long again,
The same fair light is shining overhead
That filled our hearts with silent wonder then,
Thou canst not see the beauty of this day
And yet I feel thou art not far away.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

AFTER months of expectation,
After the anguish of suspense,
Cometh no realization, —
Only an overwhelming sense
Of utter failure and defeat
Of the attainment of designs
Toward which I ran with eager feet,
To where Hope's blazing meteor shines.

The days which promised much of bliss
Instead thereof brought pain and grief:
Somehow I must have sown amiss —
The harvest did not bring a sheaf.
Oh! Hope, in whom all mortals trust,
What though thy promises are fair,
Yonder lie castles in the dust,
Which once were castles in the air.

APRIL.

MARCH has gone and April's here—
The sweetest month of all the year—

With its perfumes, and its flowers,
With its birds, and with its showers,

With its skies so bright and blue,
With its joys of Spring-time too.

'Midst sounds of thunder to our ears,
April weeps in rainy tears,

A welcome to this month so dear
Thou spoiled darling of the year.

A THOUGHT.

THE flower springs by the fountain side,
And blooms its little day;
Speechless, it lives the life it has,
And silent, fades away.
O, I would not be like the flower
To perish in the mould,
And leave no record of my heart,
No fond affection told.
Let beauty be to others given,
And beautiful array —
To those who like the flower are but,
Ambitious to be gay;
I only ask the pen, the tongue,
That can the heart unfold,
That the deep beauty of the soul
Be not unsung, untold.

THE BELLS.

HOW gently comes stealing
The chimes o'er the lea,
Of bells sweetly pealing
Their parting to me.
'Tis no carol of gladness
That faint music tells,
But a lay of soft sadness
Comes forth from the bells.

Hush, hush thy soft grieving,
Nor wake in my heart
Such sad thoughts at leaving,
Ere yet I depart.
For wildly 'tis beating
In time to those swells,
And sadly repeating
Thy sorrow, sweet bells!

MODEST WORTH.

TRUE goodness, like that little flower,
The modest daisy, hides away,
And shrinking 'neath some hawthorn bower
Courts not the glory of an hour,
Nor flaunts its beauty to the day.

Full many a kind and gentle breast
That racked at tales of pain and woe,
That throbbed with anguish unsuppressed,
In sympathy with the distressed,
Are memories of the long ago.

But these true hearts a fame attain
More than all earthly plaudits worth;
And tho' no marble shaft attest
Their merit, is their memory blest
Who makes a paradise of earth.

ON BREAKING A CLAY PIPE.

ALAS! thy stem is rent in twain,
And I shall ne'er from thee again
Draw solace. — What the joy or pain?
Poor little thing!

Thou surely served'st thy purpose well
Ere this sad happening befell
Thee. Art thou more than worthless — tell?
Thou little thing!

A new one fresher is, I claim:
Thou hadst grown old (though not to blame)
But still, a new one's not the same,
And cannot bring

The joys that old companions share,
The pleasures long-formed friendships bear;
How sadly memories must fare,
That round thee cling!

Thy short existence seemeth not
Unlike unhappy mankind's lot:
Now honored, cherished — then forgot
By Time's swift wing!

MY ROSE.

SHE gave me a rose that summer day —
A rose that was touched by the sun's last
ray,

A rose that was kissed by the butter-flies —
A rose that had smiled at summer skies.

I tenderly laid my rose away —
A faded rose it is to-day.
But the dearest gift I ever knew,
Was that sweet, wild rose just wet with dew.

And she who gave it lies cold and still
In her little grave beside the hill,
Where the thrush pours out his evening song,
And the shadows flit the whole day long.

And by her grows a wild rose-bush,
And here I come in the evening's hush
When everything is dark and still,
I come to the little grave beside the hill.

AT SEVENTEEN.

I WOULD not wish thee endless joy ;
Life's dream would pass too quickly o'er,
For happiness needs some alloy
Of grief, that we may prize it more.

I would not wish thee length of life.
As age advances love grows cold.
Well might we scorn this world of strife,
Should friends neglect us when we're old.

I cannot wish thee many friends —
'Twere asking misery for thee ;
That shallowness which mankind blends
With friendship, brings us agony.

As now, I'd have thee queen of hearts,
And harmless, at thy very feet,
I'd ask that Hate's envenomed darts
May fall, their journey incomplete.

More would I wish, but when alone,
With thee I'll share my secret, dear.
This wish so strong within me grown
Must never reach another's ear.

SIMILITUDE.

THE noonday sun, in splendor bright,
Breaks forth o'er vale and mountain
height,
Its majesty supreme;
But ere the gladsome day is spent,
Its light grows dim, and shadows blend
And cloud its glorious sheen.

A gallant steamer bears her way
O'er waters calm, as child at play,
And sights the nearing shore;
But lo! the storm's tumultuous rage
In wrath descends, and mars a page,
So bright an hour before.

A life, perchance, as pure as snow,
Whose thoughts are like clear streams, that flow
In melody along;
May ah! too soon, with changing tide,
In darkened depths of sorrow glide,
A dirge may be its song!

SPRING-TIME.

OH! the gladsome days of Spring-time,
So jocund and so bright,
That dance along our pathway
Like beams of silver light;
That chase the tones of sadness
Like wintry winds away,
And shed in joy and gladness
Their sunlight on our way.

Oh! the merry days of April,
With its sunlight and its showers
That burst upon our senses
Like springing grass and flowers;
Now dark'ning as the breaking clouds,
In copious showers descend;
Now bright'ning, as the sparkling drops
With beams of sunlight blend!

GOD'S TEMPLE.

I LIVE in a beautiful temple —
A temple ancient and grand,
Time-worn with the foot-steps of ages;
A temple not made with hands.

Enduring and firm its foundation,
Stately and massive its wall;
And the smile of the master-builder
Sheds halo over it all.

As I gaze entranced on its beauties —
Its vault of celestial blue,
And its carpet of living verdure,
Sprinkled with heaven-sent dew —

The voice of the master — the builder —
Comes on the song-laden air,
And woos, with a gentle entreaty,
The soul from its doubt and care.

A SECRET.

SUNSHINE hovers everywhere,
Brightens darkest spots on earth;
Beauty revels, free from care,
And joins Nature in her mirth.

But the fiercest rays of sunshine,
Scorching tho' its fiery dart,
Cannot pierce that cloud o'ershading,
Can wring naught from my sad heart.

Dare I tell my sorrows story,
Dare divulge my cause for grief?
No, that secret must remain there —
Undeciphered be that leaf.

None could cheer me with their pity —
Sympathy can't heal that wound,
Let the secret die when I die,
In my heart forever bound.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT is a jewel rare,
Wealth can not place its equal there ;
It will outlast the costly gem
Set in a royal diadem.
Time can not dim its lustre fair.
Its equal is not anywhere ;
No stain is seen upon its face,
And ages cannot it erase.
Within the heart this jewel's found,
Not like the ruby in the ground ;
He knows its worth who can it claim
And call it by its precious name.
Come, let us seek this precious gem,
All other jewels we disclaim ;
Contentment shall our lot attend
Now, henceforth and unto the end.

FAME, WEALTH, AND HONOR.

THREE youths, just starting out in life,
Together came to where three ways
Branched off; each chose one and went on
Alone, and travelled many days.

Fame led the first — o'er rugged paths,
Through forests dark, up endless slopes;
Until, at length, the wretched slave
Won fame but lost all nobler hopes.

The second, dazed by riches' glare,
Rushed on, nor heeded human pain;
Successful in his search for wealth,
A miser, lived his life in vain.

The third took Honor for his guide,
And lived to win an honest name;
Beloved by all and much esteemed,
He found at last both wealth and fame.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE new-born day peeps o'er the land
And lifts the veiling cloak of night;
The shadows flee from out the dells, —
Exortive rays instate the light.

O joy — great joy! Ring out the bells —
Proclaim the news afar and near,
Unite sweet voices in a song,
And welcome in the glad New Year.

Let vice and folly all remain
To languish with the crumbling past;
Let coming months and coming years
Build citadels that smile and last.

Then shout aloud a newer song,
And breathe a statelier, stronger verse:
O soul of Prayer, reclaim our lives!
In mercy's fount bow low, immerse.

THE BETROTHAL.

OVER the trembling tree tops high,
Phaikian barks are floating by,
Down through the maze of flutt'ring leaves
The light of the June sun softly sifts
And a woof of wondrous beauty weaves;
And there in the glowing eastern sky,
The lonely day-moon dimly drifts.

Ah! could the hour but last fore'er,
For down in the dell, a happy pair
Have made their vows 'mid the forest bowers;
Laura the light of the vale, and I,
And love with his joyous magic, showers
Over the face of Nature fair
A lustre, that brightens earth and sky.

MAY.

W AFTING light her balmy breezes,
Tinging, with a verdant sheen,
Hill, and dale, and mead, and valley,
Comes she in her robe of green;
While the joyous feathery songsters,
'Midst their ardent hymns of praise,
In the air and in the sunshine
Warble forth their martin lays.

Freed from winter's cruel fetters,
From the frosted ice and snow,
Bubbling, murmuring, dashing, tumbling,
Brooks resume their wonted flow:
Buzzing, piping, twittering, chirping,
Bushes, trees, and flowers among,
Nature thus revives her beauty,
Thus are Spring-tide's glories sung.

DECEMBER TWILIGHT.

IN broken cadence soft and low
The west winds through bare branches blow
That toss against the dull gray skies,
And mingle with the sunset dyes.

The pines along the mountain wall—
Ice-bearded giants dark and tall—
Throw lengthened shades across the snow;
That mantles all the vale below.

Across the calm lake's crystal roof
The north wind blows in keen reproof
To winter sport, and warmth and mirth,
That glow beside my blazing hearth.

LIFE.

O LIFE is like a sweet wild rose,
That blooms in wondrous splendor.
It's little face with beauty glows,
It's heart so fond and tender.

But pluck it from the parent stem,
And now its leaves are scattered.
The flower that sparkled like a gem,
Is dead; so life is shattered.

Our lives unto the vain world cling,
Like leaves on sweet wild roses.
But 'tis, alas, a weak, frail thing,
Where little strength reposes.

One little breeze the stem to shake,
The flower no more is blooming.
So death will come our forms to take,
While we are pride assuming.

HOPE.

A GLIM'RING light doth lend its ray,
To guide the heart throughout the day,
To strengthen every act, and will,
And cause unceasing cares be still;
A blessed joy, a comfort's power,
Bequeath to all as Nature's dower.
To souls oppressed with sorrow's care,
To hearts that know naught but despair,
Whose light, grown dim, through chang'less
 years,
Of toil and labor, silent fears,
Finds no contentment, joy nor rest,
That knows no law; O, passion blest;
'Tis such that needs its presence dear.
To feel its inspiration near,
And of its gracious store partake,
From thence, all thought, and care forsake;
And walk anew, with courage strong,
The path of life, amid the throng
Who now with joyous hearts do tread,
By Hope refreshed — by Hope are led.

THE MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

I MUST confess, though I blush the while,
There is something sweet in thy winning
smile ;

Thy manly voice, to my listening ear,
Like the flow of music, is soft and clear,
And the loving light of those eyes of thine,
Grows far more fond as they fall on mine ;
While thy coming step, and I know it well,
For me hath a charm that I may not tell.
No longer I'll say that my heart is free,
Since it beats so fast when I think of thee ;
And I'm gloomy and sad when thou art away,
As the sunless hours of an autumn day.
Yes, I own it, for hidden no longer can be,
That dear is the love of my lover to me.

REMEMBRANCE.

DEAD — dead! Now only soulless clay!
Though many be the years, or few,
Thou wilt not care —
Thou lying there,
Wrapped in thy dreamless slumber through
The night of an eternal day.

“Remember me, when far from thee!”
Words written in light mood; indeed,
In that old time
The common rhyme
Awoke our laughter. Now I read,
Through tears fast falling, “Far from thee!”

I *shall* remember thee, my friend;
Remember, grieving, till that day
When God shall see
My need of thee,
And lead me through the darkened way
To where thou waitest, in the end.

PASSING AWAY.

SWIFTLY the years pass on the fleet wings
of Time,
Quickly they glide into the ocean that's past;
And faster and faster they fly as we live,
Until death comes and closes the short scene
at last.

Only a few fleeting years now left us to live.
Shall we waste the glad time in frivolous strife?
Shall we trample with scorn 'neath our un-
wearied feet

The beautiful blossoms of the tree of life?

There are only a few years yet left us to roam,
On Time's mortal shore e'er our journey must
cease;

O, fill up your measure with Loves rarest wine,
And make life and death a sweet union of
peace!

AN OCTOBER EVE.

A SHADOW came over the eastern hill,
Where the phalanx of trees stood stern
and still

And thrilling and shuddering through the air,
Which a moment before was calm and fair.

A weird wind sprang from the distant marsh,
And its breath was chilling, its murmur harsh;
And as over valley and field it sped,
Each flower at its coming drooped its head.

And a Spirit seemed to rise from the land,
And wearily, sadly its wings expand;
Faltering, trembling it floated by,
With a wail of anguish, a wistful sigh;

And fading far over the mountain crest,
Was lost in the flame of the crimson west
Where the sun sank down in a flame of fire,
The dying Summer's funeral pyre!

HYACINTHS.

PALE hyacinths, their fragrant bloom
Calls up a dainty vision,
And I inhale their sweet perfume,
Half lost in dreams elysian.

The sweetest flower of timid Spring,
I hail thee dainty comer,
And all the memories thou dost bring
Of bygone hours of summer.

Enwrap't in thought, thy odor sweet,
Comes o'er my senses stealing;
And present, past and future meet,
A strange, commingled feeling.

The thoughts of other, early years,
The future's restless longing,
The present's struggling hopes and fears,
Upon my soul are thronging.

To me again there comes a time,
With tender memories laden,
My half forgotten, early prime,
Life's fondly cherished Aidian.

Forgot the man; a bright-eyed boy,
"The future proudly greating,"
Unmindful of the present joy,
Its sorrows lightly meeting.

I stand: the flowers in my hand,
Whose fragrance wrought this dreaming,
The moments spent in Memory's land,
And all their pleasant seeming.

FORGOTTEN.

LEARNING to picture thee in all my dreams,
To cherish thy dear words all else above :
To walk, and act, and live, to win thy praise,
To turn my heart to thee with thoughts of love:
To lean upon thy grandeur and thy strength,
To hold my sweetest self in wait for thee, —
Learning all this within my heart of hearts,
Knowing, I feel thou hast forgotten me.

The chilling silence brooding twixt our lips,
The boundless space far reaching 'fore our eyes,
The stillness hanging like a pall between,
The lofty altar where my soul-gift lies,
Combine to bid me patient be, and strong :
To court the air of pride, the tone of glee ;
To tender smile, and light mine eyes, to hide
The bitter truth — thou hast forgotten me.

TO A FLOWER.

LOOK as I may, on every spot
Of thee, I find not one faint blot,
For brilliantly thy portion there
Bedecks the lawn and scents the air.
Sweet scented thing! by zephyrs known,
By rude or gentle breezes blown,
You dip your head now to the breeze,
Return again, and swing at ease,
And as each tiny dew-drop wings
Its flight to thee, new life it brings;
At eventide you look so sweet,
Yet lay so passive at my feet!
I will not pluck thee from thy place,
(Although my loves' fair form you'd grace,)
But leave you there to bloom and die,
And tend thee with a lover's eye.

LIFE'S LESSON.

TIME steals away on noiseless wing.
The coming hours new duties bring;
And he who lives the truest life,
Battling alone, 'mid every strife,
Must know and feel its bitter sting.

The peasant, beggar, priest and king,
To life's brief day all fondly cling,
Whilst from the world with sorrow rife,
Time steals away.

Amid life's tumult, some can sing,
Tho' tolling bells a death knell ring.
But others feel the cutting knife
Which strips them of the sweets of life,
And adds a grief to everything
Time steals away.

A FRAGMENT.

I WOULD that flowers half expressed
The hidden life in every part;
That words the feelings best confessed
That dwell within the inmost heart;

For if 'twere given the heart to tell
The fullest measure of its love,
The songs from mine to-night would swell
The anthems of the heavens above.

But words are vain! *I* only know
The full sweet love enfolded here;
Though countless silent tears may flow,
A world of words is not one tear.

GUSTAVE DORE.

WHAT master genius guided thy strong
hand

To snatch the fire from Dante's search in Hell,
To heart interpret all of Poe's strange spell,
Until thy praises ring in every land.

Thou only, of all those whose pictures stand
Memorials of the heaven-snatched flame, can
tell

The tale in art which from the poet's fell,
When they attuned their lyres to music grand.

Great master of the fine-recorded thrills
That swayed famed Dante's soul in posey,
And made the Raven's tale a symphony,
The world before thy throne its incense spills.
Beyond the gloom of "Night's Plutonian shore,"
Thy journey lies in light forevermore.

EVENTIDE.

A GOLDEN glow is in the west,
A purple haze the mountains hide.
This is the time I love the best —
The calm and holy eventide.

When we can gaze on Heavenly views,
The sunsets — nearer Heaven seem,
Until all earthly thoughts we lose
And feel in a celestial dream.

How trifling is the petty strife —
(Above which now we feel to rise)
The toil, disasters of this life,
When yonder seemeth Paradise.

AT TWILIGHT.

WHEN sinks the sun behind the western
hills,
And sable night o'er earth her mantle throws,
My heart forgets its burdens and its woes,
And soothing peace once more my bosom fills.
The gentle twilight banishes all ills,
And once again fond hope my spirit knows;
While through my thoughts a new strong
impulse flows,
And courage in my fainting heart instills.

Though oft despondent at the close of day
And gain new strength when twilight's shadows
fall;
The hateful phantoms that my heart appal
Are fain to grant a respite to their prey,
And for a time release me from their thrall;
While freedom doth at last my toils repay.

.

MAIA.

JUNE with dimpled smiles is dancing
To the altar stair;—
Swings the fragrant wildwood censer
In the balmy air.

And she laughs at May, the Weeper,
As the sunshine laughs
When some merry, light-winged swallow
Of the water quaffs.

Gliding to the past of ages,
May will flee fore'er,
But her spirit — flowers half-blossomed
Lingers, like a prayer.

FROM HEINE.

I.

O H, thou art like a flower,
So sweet, and pure, and fair;
I look at thee, and sadness
Steals o'er me unaware.

Upon thy head it seemeth
My hands must rest in prayer;
I pray that God may keep thee
So sweet, and pure, and fair.

II.

I murmur not and though my heart should
break,
Eternally lost love! no plaint I make.
For though thou beamest with thy diamonds
bright,
There falls no ray into thy soul's dark night.

I knew it long ago. To me it seems
I saw the night within thy heart in dreams,
And saw the snake which gnaws upon thy
heart,
I saw, my love, how miserable thou art.

THE TWO GUESTS.

INTO the silent chamber of the soul,
Sometime there comes at twilight's changing
hour,

Gray-robed Despond, whose melancholy power
Brings all our thoughts beneath her sad control.
In mournful chimes our saddened heart-bells
toll

For joy's young death, for true love's overthrow ;
For hearts that ache beneath their blinding woe ;
For hands that strive yet fail to reach the goal.

On wings of love fair Hope again returns,
And dark Despond flees from her fair young
face ;

With light and joy the silent chamber burns,
And all its depths are filled with fairest grace ;
Had not the first grave pilgrim paused to rest,
We might not love so well the later guest.

LINES.

AS grows the mind, so do the actions grow;
A polished mind a polished life may live:
Good deeds will ne'er from evil sources flow.
It is our conscience that alone must give
Earth's life an undertow.

LUNA CAPTA.

BEHOLD the fair-robed Cynthia, Queen of
Night,

In glad surprise her full-robed beauty viewing,
Upon the lake's broad bosom lull'd to sleep!
Inflamed, enraptured, breathless, like the youth
Who bent of old above the fabled fount,
She bends enamoured o'er her image pale.
Ah, how those mirrored lips she fain would
press!

How gladly leave her lofty throne of light
To clasp that radiant object in her arms!
The silvery love-light floods her dreamy eyes;
Night after night she looks and loves and longs,
Night after night to stoop she strives in vain,
Until at last Hope dies within her breast
And, like Narcissus fair, she pines away!

MUSIC.

THROUGH Art and Nature flows a melody
Of highest and divinest harmony.

In all the world, in all the universe,
There swells and dies on modulated chords
A music grand, consistent, yet diverse,
A music full of meaning, without words;
And to the soul attuned to hear the wondrous
song

These voices bring a winged, intense desire
To put away the world and drift along
The dreamy life the monotones inspire.
The grandly silent music of the spheres,
Swinging in ponderous numbers years on years
Through all the eras of eternal time,
Entrances the spirit with a rhyme sublime.
And lower and yet mighty in the scale
Of Nature's limitless and complex tone,
The thunder rolls in deep and sombre peal
And on wild shores the hoary Oceans moan.
In lighter measure and in contrast sweet
To these profound and melancholy strains,
The forest songsters trill an air replete

With happy melody the swells and wanes
On chords which make the vaster hymn complete.

In accents low, and faint, and far remote
From symphony, the insect's tiny note,
That stabs the stillness of a summer day,
Completes the choir and fills out Nature's lay.
And from these wild, uncultivated sounds
The inspiration of immortal thought
Has caught the finer beauty that abounds
And into melody weird wildness wrought.
The resonant, the sweet, the tiny trill,
Are made to move by the artistic skill
Of hearts o'erflowing with the song divine,
In measures that enwrap and weave and twine
About the soul a pure celestial charm.

PEACE.

A FRAGRANT flower of which each cherished joy is born,
That makes this life a treasure well of worth;
A precious gem whose lustre stands alone —
Unrivalled for its charms upon the earth.
We seek it, grasp it, and yet in angry mood
We suffer it to vanish from our sight;
Thus too soon this harbinger of good
Before the storm of anger takes its flight.
Where'er it reigns the sun of joy shall shine,
And ye who love to seek this precious gem,
Will happy be; to thee the name devine,
Will prove in life an earthly diadem.

DEATH.

TWO roses wild, on a single stem,
Opened their leaves to the morning sun.
Wandered a youth and maid that way —
Plucking them both, he gave her one.

“Emblems of love,” he murmured low,
“’Tis certain death to part them here;
So take this modest bud to show
How naught but death our love can sere.”

But parting comes, alas, too soon —
Death claims the lover for his prey;
The maid soon follows—in the tomb
Thus joined in death the blossoms lay.

NAUGHT BUT PRAYER.

ONCE dreamt I that I was a fairy,
 And dwelt in the brightest of bowers;
 But dreams like to these are contrary
 To life, and its dull, dragging hours.

Oh! why was man made but to labor,
 To struggle with strife and with care;
 To meet the sharp edge of grief's sabre,
 And have naught to answer but prayer?

A FRAGMENT.

LIFE'S music was not tuned to sadness,
And bird-like notes yet mingle there;
The tones that wake the heart to gladness
Fill all the sweet, responsive air.
Then why should fitful memory linger
O'er chords that only breathe of pain,
Awaking with capricious finger
Such weird, wild notes in every strain?

In moments when the heart would borrow
A fleeting joy from vanished hours,
The hand may press some thorn of sorrow
That hides beneath what once were flowers;
Yet Earth has cheer in fullest measure,
And Heaven has bliss in sacred store.
The heart, too oft, forgets the treasure
That waits on life, till life is o'er.

AFTERMATH.

I MET her strolling on the lawn,
A damsel fair to see;
A pretty rose without a thorn
This maiden seemed to me.

And love — which oft made man a slave —
Within her eyes she bore;
Yet, as I passed her by, I gave
A glance, and nothing more.

Perchance were this the first fair face
That caught the poet's eye,
His heart had hearkened to the grace,
Nor thus had passed her by.

WIND VOICES.

O WAND'RING Wind, thy voice is never still.

I hear it by the dashing mountain rill
Its whisp'ring mingled with the liquid sound
Of rushing waters, where they leap and bound
O'er craggy rock or old moss-covered log,
Or, sweeping down some dark and solemn wood,
Where bearded pines for centuries have stood,
It mourns and wails in sympathetic tone,
As for those friends that lived, but now are
gone;

And moaning low, it passes sadly on.
I heard it next, with mighty dash and roar,
Of waters driving on a rock-bound shore;
Where, howling 'mongst the ledges in wild glee,
Together with the thund'ring of the sea,
It sounds in wild, though sweetest harmony.

O wand'ring Wind, still thou dost come and go,
Wailing in minor key, low notes of woe,
Or shrieking shrill, wierd songs 'mong the trees,
Or whispering love in every gentle breeze,
Thou mov'st the heart in answering sympathy.

A MEDLEY.

STRENGTH comes with but constant tension.
Blossoms wither without rain,
Mountains spring from great upheavals,
Spirits weaken without pain,
Constant sunshine saps the life-blood,
Drinks the stream and fountain dry.
Constant pleasure makes existence
But a useless, hopeless lie.
Bitter winter winds may wither,
Summer tempests may destroy —
But anew life's crimson current
Speeds in thrills of tingled joy.
Better labor full of anguish,
Better struggle full of pain,
Than an empty, aimless floating,
Sport of tide, and wind, and rain.
Rest is sweetest after labor,
Joy is dearest after grief,
After desolating winter
Fairer grows the vernal leaf,
After rain the sunbeams glisten
On the dew-dipp'd leaf and flower,

After night's cold shadows vanish
Fairer glows the morning hour.
Wisdom is for those who study,
Fortune but for him who delves.
Would we reach our grand ideal,
"God helps those who help themselves."

A PICTURE.

'TIS a face of wonderful beauty,
That looks from its walnut frame,
The eyes are deeply, tenderly dark —
Their beauty I could not name.

The hair is short, but of finest silk.
And brown as a chestnut burr;
And it curls in rings around the head,
Far softer than softest fur.

The lips, just parted, reveal behind
Two rows of *whitest* teeth;
Oh! who can look in that pictured face,
And doubt of the heart beneath?

Aye! the face of a trusted, long-tried friend!
A friend, *not* "a friend for a day,"
Is the pictured face before me —
The face of our old dog, Tray.

SORROW.

THE stars may look love from the heavens,
And shed their soft light o'er the sea;
The mid-summer moonlight be flowing,
I care not—'tis nothing to me.
I care not if breezes be sighing,
Or gentle waves washing the shore;
The rustle of roses—their fragrance
Can thrill me with pleasure no more.

My sad soul lies buried within me,
Deep, deep under burdens of woe;
The world may be brighter, and Heaven
Seem nearer to others, but oh!
This black, heavy curtain of sorrow,
Veils all the glad visions of light,
And Heaven and Hope have forsaken,
My spirit in darkness and night.

A FRAGMENT.

W^HATEVER marks a moment in the round
On which the growth of our life depends, —

Whatever stirs or sways us with a sound,
A thought, a look, a hope, a dream, a mound —
Its influence never ends.

Our souls are starred and marred with world-
less things
That help to shape some other destinies,
As they, in turn shape ours. Though still
there clings

Through every change, the primal offerings
Of Nature shaping these.

TO AUTUMN.

WHAT breath of Spring's most vernant
wealth can give

The preciousness thy censers yield to air?

What flower of Summer's brightest bloom can
wear

The gleams that in thy deep-gold tresses live?

The bounteous Year, from forest, field and
bower,

Pours round thy feet the riches of her dower.

Thou art the priestess of the grateful Year,—
Brave in thy silver-braided garmenting.

But all too soon shall come a Vandal king

With power and impious taunt: and in thy fear
Shalt thou the Temple yield to him at last,
And fling thy vesture to the Winter's blast.

A FRAGMENT.

ANEMONE and crocus in the shade,
Water down dripping from the moss
grown crag;

A pebbly bed, dividing glade from glade,
Bordered by rushes and great stalks of flag;
A robin trilling out his rapturous lay;
Busy nest-builders 'mong the cottage eaves;
A glimpse of white sails on an azure bay;
A zephyr's breath amid the trembling leaves.
White, daisied carpets, soft beneath the feet;
Beds of blue violets, spread in the vale;
Low mystic voices, wonderfully sweet,
Calling from cliff and glen, from wood and
dale;

So from the sepulchre, comes forth the year,
Rising in radiance, smiling at the tomb,
Defying death, laughing at craven fear;
For sweet was the long rest through winter's
gloom.

THE VALLEY BIRD.

NOW merrily my bonny bark,
Swiftly o'er the waters glide,
Plying the wave with steady mark,
From early dawn till eventide.
How oft' I've watched thy shining oar,
In measured silence cut the wave;
How oft' I've seen from shore to shore,
Thy sides the muddy waters lave.
Full many a bounding heart hast thou
Kept time to with unconscious dash,
As onward rushed thy little prow
Through the ripples foamy splash.
'Tis well, my bonny bark, that thou
All mystery canst not divine:
'Tis well thou hast not power to know
The thoughts for which thou'rt made the shrine,
Cheerful as the early lark,
When first his matin song is given,
Bounds o'er the tide my bonny bark
From morning grey till dusky even.

PANSIÈS.

THE room was small, and dark, and bare,
With nought to tell of day —
Excepting through one window there
Struggled a single ray.

Across the narrow, empty space
Up to the wall it flung
Its light upon a pictured face,
Which o'er the mantel hung.

Sad eyes of velvet pansied hue
Looked out from canvas there;
So soft and purplish (not dark blue)
Touched with a look of care.

Half smiling mouth and well curved cheek,
While o'er her forehead white,
As droops the vail o'er nun so meek,
So drooped her hair of night.

Below the gilded frame there stands
A vase with Shelley's flower —
An offering made by loving hands
Which tells that picture's power.

A mother leaves all pomp and pride,
And to that picture steals;
The prayers she utters at its side
A mother's love reveals.

As o'er the path of life we go
We always cherish something —
A sunbeam in our way of woe
To keep our hearts from fainting.

A bunch of pansies in that vase —
Flowers of "eternal memory" —
Will *always* stand beneath that face,
Yea, everlastingly.

UNDERCURRENTS.

THE river flows to the sea;
The lake alone in distance lies,
Unconscious of the myriad streams
That are, themselves, affinities.

Below our feet for fathoms down
Are channels where the waters flow
Unseen, connecting in their course
The lake and rivulet below.

Thus is it with our daily lives;
Low 'neath the surface of the soul
Are channels which connect our fates,
And o'er us wield supreme control.

DEAD.

SLEEP, patient lady! In thy chamber sleep;
Blue sky and silence wall thee round about;
Nothing shall rouse thy slumber, long and deep,
While we with breaking hearts must wait without
Under a starless night of clouds and doubt.

O, stubborn earth! fold to thy jealous breast
That purest soul! O, viewless heavenly ones,
That walk in places where the buried rest,
Invisible by light of earthly suns,
Who go your round till Time his journey runs.

Care for my darling — hold her spirit hands,
Smooth her pale forehead, ask her what she
would;

Trust me, she is not fretful in demands;
She is a type of patient womanhood;—
Care for my love — she will be very good.

THE FALLS.

O'ER the beaten rocks a gushing
Tearing, splashing, frisking, rushing,
Go the waters of the falls.

In the Summer sunlight glist'ning,
Pleasurable 'tis a listning,
To the waters of the falls.

Gnawing in the rocks abounding,
In the distance hear them sounding,
Roaring waters of the falls.

Dancing, prancing, e'er in motion,
Flowing onward to the ocean,
Endless waters of the falls.

What a tale you could unravel,
And what occult paths you travel,
Mystic waters of the falls.

Men will die and temples crumble,
But forever you will rumble,
Ceaseless waters of the falls.

A REVERIE. .

MY pipe is peace to me
On languid summer eves,
When zephyrs steal with lazy flight,
Nor scarcely hymn the brooding night,
Nor wake the sleeping leaves:
Some sullen vagary
Encoils me in her pensive chain,
And knits me with the past again,—
I puff my clay, — the chain is broke,
And broken, passes off in smoke!

My pipe is peace to me
On wintry nights and chill,
As speeds the flaky tempest past;
When all without is souging blast,
And all within is still:
In poet's company
I tread my several ways along
The verdant paths of vernal song,—
I puff my clay, — the song is done,
And puffing breathe a benison.

HYACINTHS.

DAINTY bells from the green spire swinging,
None but the fairies hear your ringing.
Up their ladders of moonbeam climbing,
Have they set all your pink bells chiming?
Then when ended their vespers' pealing,
Into your waxen chambers stealing,
Did they drowse till the young moon beaming
Called the elves from their blissful dreaming?
They have flown, but they left behind them
All the dreams that in slumber bind them,
And the dreams, into fragrance growing,
Fill your goblets to overflowing.
And the glow of the fairy fingers
Still on your waxen petals lingers.
And the dawn, through the east returning,
Sees his fires in your bosom burning.

INNOCENCE.

IN the shade, from life's tempest secure, —
Far away from the heartless and cold,
Doth Innocence, perfect and pure,
Reillumine the era of gold.

There a feeling sweet, buoyant and bright,
From the charm of simplicity flows,
For the flowers of delight
Upon Nature's own bosom repose.

'MID THE ROSES.

WHERE roses sweet were growing,
I saw her standing there,
The breezes softly blowing
Her wealth of golden hair.
O, never rose so fair was seen,
As she, my love, my life, my Queen.
Her cheeks like roses glowing,
Were still more fair to me;
My love to her was flowing,
Like billows on the sea.

Her eyes were gently gazing
To Heaven's blue above,
Her loveliness amazing —
The eyes that gazed with love.
Upon her bosom nestled there,
A bunch of roses, sweet and fair,
And Cupid still was knitting
Her heart-strings into mine,
And it seemed very fitting
Together they should twine.

The ends came near and nearer,
'Till woe was all forgot,

And life grew dear and dearer,
As Cupid tied the knot
Which bound our hearts together in
The bond of love's own sacred kin.
'Mid roses sweet I found her,
Where joy alone was seen,
With roses sweet I crowned her —
My throne had found its Queen.





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